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of what is admirable in art, and full of language in nature. Of the other pictures, much has already been said by "the papers." "Recreation," the *Home Journal* says, is pronounced by artists one of Mr. Thompson's best works. It is full of the graces of a dreamy, cozy afternoon, in the woods, where a party are enjoying it to the utmost. "October Afternoon" has called forth much happy comment. When the poets talk of a picture, there surely must be something in it. Isaac McLellan paid the picture a fine tribute in verse, from which we may quote :

"Rare painter! Thanks to thee we tend
For scenes to nature's self so true;
Thanks, that in nature's frostiest time,
When tempests veil heaven's glorious blue,
Though hedg'd by multitudes that swarm
In splendid square and squalid lane,
Perennial in thy works we find
Fair summer's bloom and Autumn's wane."

Our friends will be pleased to learn that Mr. Thompson is to give one of his characteristic paintings for our next collection. It is called "Going to Mill;" the reader may imagine, the picture from the title. We have good reason to promise something worthy of the artist and the Association.

Mr. Thompson is now in the prime of his strength, and American Art has hope of many good things from his easel. May he live long enough to grace the Art collections of his many patrons with pictures, for the study and emulation of those who shall come after him.

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CHURCH'S "NIAGARA FALLS."—This painting, on exhibition at Williams & Stevens, is attracting some considerable attention. The *N. Y. Mirror* says of it:—"It is but just completed, and does Mr. Church as much credit as any previous effort of his pencil; indeed, it is universally acknowledged to be the best representation of Niagara Falls, ever painted." * * * Every minutia is attended to that could add to the *vraisemblance*; the shallow current at your feet on the verge of the stream, the rock jutting here and there above it, the low Canada shore, the tossing foam of the distant rapids, the half obscure sky, the tower on Goat Island, are all admirable; while, more than these details—the absolute spirit of the place seems caught. The hue of the water as it turns over the fall, the volumes of spray and mist so soon interfering with the sight, the gleaming sunlight here and there striking the mighty mass, and the rainbow half seen across the ever rising cloud—all these incidents evince the closest observation, the most poetic appreciation, and the happiest art."

HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

CHICAGO, April 25, 1857.



Y DEAR JOURNAL:— You made me promise to "write you some reflections on things as I saw them," and I must keep my word, even if I have nothing to say of consequence. Since leaving New-York, I have "traveled" considerable—have seen a great deal more of the world than one sees from the City Hall steps—though the New-Yorker will hardly believe *this*. He thinks New-York is everything and all other places nothing—he thinks no body knows anything but himself and a few others who *swell* up and down Broadway—he knows to a demonstration that "out West" is a place where the Five Points House of Industry boys all are sent, and, therefore, that it is a kind of superpenal colony, which devotes itself chiefly to raising beef for the New-York market, flour for New-York, chickens for New-York—in fact, that it is "out in the country" somewhere, not far from the Hudson, and especially created by Providence to raise produce for the consumption of the intelligent few of the Metropolis. Well, I will not say these were my impressions—they certainly are not my feelings now; and if I have left the city's ease and vices for the freedom and hard-scrabble of the West, I am a better and a wiser man.

I have been here just three weeks to day; and though an artist by profession, I confess I have not so much as thought of my easel and a public studio; so much that is new and strange is there to occupy my mind. I have traversed the streets from end to end—where any end could be found—have been up and down "the creek" until my legs almost refused to go any further; and everywhere it is the same bustle, hurry-scurry, exciting race of ambitious, shrewd, far-seeing men. I have caught "the fever," and no easel for me! I am "in the lumber trade," and mean to make my *eternal fortune* in two years. Perhaps you laugh at this declaration, and talk of shameful prostitution of talent, and blindness of the future; but I tell you there is no use talking—I have scratched, and daubed, and "been on exhibition" long enough to convince me that a *good living* is not in my colors, no mat-

ter what hues you would use in lighting up my profession and artist-life. I was one of some twenty young men who labored for years in New-York, for a mere pittance of a return—hoping all the time for "something to turn up;" but, unlike Mr. Micawber, nothing did turn up, and I resolved to "emigrate" to this place to better my fortunes, as my brothers had wisely done before me. It will be time to talk of Art-worship when I have "the dollars" to use, to place me above want, and to keep my mahl-stick off copies of great pictures. So I bid you adieu in the artistic line, but will do the "Cosmopolitan" any service that is in my power, for I believe it is a great and good institution, one which promises more for Art and Art-culture in this country, than any Association ever formed on this side of the Atlantic. Go on then, and though I shall have nothing on the walls of your galleries to attract all kinds of remark, like a theatrical woman's character; yet do believe I shall do you any favor I can; and shall hope to return to my *first love* when my fortune is made, and do something nice for your collections. By that time I think the "Cosmopolitan" will be one of the Art-features of this country, distributing thousands of works of Art each year to do good, and advance the tastes of the people.

Let me always, then, remain

Your sincere friend,

H. H.

[We are sorry indeed thus to part with our friend; but every man's business is his own, and it is not for us to say aught against the step. But, the rage for quick fortunes is a fever, contagious and dangerous, we believe; and we shall not be surprised if our artist yet regrets his venture in pine boards, and comes back to his canvas, if a sadder yet a wiser man. We have the consolation, that Harry is a good artist, and can make a "good living" at his easel, if he would use the same application and economy necessary for success in the lumber business. Wealth is *not* the one great thing needed to give content and happiness; and our friend will find, we think, even if his dreams of fortune are fully realized, that he is not a whit happier than when he painted heads for fifty dollars. Let us hear of your return to your first, and we know your best, love, ere another season rolls around.—ED.]

Mrs. Harriet S— writes us from Savannah, Georgia, a very pleasant communication of things thereabout. We thank her for the interest she takes in the Association, and promise her more good things in the year to come than in the year of success just past. We quote from her "experiences":—"I believe it is a fact that where you find pictures and books the people are more intelligent and prosperous than where they are not found. On some plantations along the coast we have men whose houses are real galleries and libraries; and almost without exception they are the very best and most prominent men in this section, and live more like white folks: while those planters who live like their niggers in log-houses, and have no ornaments of any kind around them, are very ignorant persons; hard task-masters, and not very successful. Whether *Art* has anything to do with this I do not pretend to say, but only tell what I know is the fact; and I shall labor to extend a taste for the Beautiful, for I know it will do much towards making our people among the happiest in this country. Georgia would be the most desirable State in the Union to live in, if her houses were all as lovely as her landscapes and scenes are. I think the *Cosmopolitan Association* one of the best Associations ever organized to spread art and literary taste; and I shall do you all the good in my power, *without pay*, for I should be ashamed of myself to take pay out of such a beneficent institution, for aiding it to subscribers. I would as soon think of taking money out of the contribution-box of a Home Mission Society. Let me know how I can aid you."

"CARLOS" writes from St. Paul's, Minnesota, to know if we are going to have anything from Mrs. Lilly Spencer's hand in our next collection. He will see by an announcement, elsewhere made in this number, that we have already secured her "Shake Hands"—one of the most characteristic compositions of her fertile and humorous pencil, and one which will please "CARLOS," and all his friends in the *critical condition* he tells of, better even than the exquisite "Day-dreamer" which went to Dr. Samuel Willey, of St. Paul. "CARLOS" says: "I am one who goes in for the good things of this world, and, therefore, go in for the 'Cosmopolitan,' stiff and strong, as we say of the drunken Indians. An institution which can send to St. Paul—only five years ago

on the very verge of civilization!—two such works of art as 'The Captive Bird,' in marble, and 'The Day-dreamer,' on canvas,—to say nothing of 'Coming from the Bath,' deserves well of Young America, male and female. We have a little of everything here from a fool to a 'speculator,' who can make a town of paper; but I never saw a place where there was more liberality and good feeling towards institutions which promise well for the public good. You may count upon a grand list from St. Paul, for your next distribution. St. Paul, in proportion to its size, shall be the 'banner town,' particularly if your present amiable and intelligent Secretary has the matter in hand." Thanks, for your hearty approbation. We have a rich *bill of fare* in store, and hope to do things in such a way as to please all our friends, East, West, North, and South.

Mrs. C. D. writes us some pleasant gossips from Richmond, Virginia, telling us all about Mrs. RITCHIE (late Anna Cora Mowatt) and other "lions" of the place. Also her favorable opinion of Virginia society; and promises us something from the White Sulphur Springs, where she expects to spend the summer. We should quote her letter at length, for it is genial, shrewdly expressed and graphic in some of its delineations, but space forbids. The most interesting portion to us—expressing a downright love for the Association, and a purpose to do considerable for it this summer, at the Springs—is treasured up in our "pigeon hole" of good things, and will not be forgotten.

Mrs. S. Mc N. who sent a fine club from Chicago last January, writes, "that many of her friends who took a magazine in preference to the 'Saturday Night,' have, since seeing the beautiful engraving, regretted that they did not select it." Such we find has been the case in many instances—to all of which we have to say that the next engraving will, we think, be far superior to "Saturday Night," and in order to enable our friends to make a better choice, it will be sent out much earlier in the season.

And this must suffice for the present *extraction*, as Willis would say, for the page is already over full. Those correspondents who are disappointed at not finding themselves "in print" must attribute the fault to no one, but pity us that we have not the space to tell all the good things that are said of us and to us and for us.

VEXATION OF SPIRIT



AS never more exemplified than in the case of many of our subscribers, whose names came in during

January and the latter part of December. Expecting their magazines to commence with January, they were not served, in many instances, *until April*, thereby inducing impatience, recrimination, and ill feeling towards the Association. To all complaints we have had but one reply to make—the *blame was not with the Association, but with the publishers, who could not supply the unexpectedly large orders sent in during January and February*; as, doubtless, all have been informed by the publishers' circular enclosed in the April and May numbers of the respective monthlies.

An Arab proverb runs:—"He is a wise man who makes to-morrow from to-day." We should have been like wise, to have foreseen what did happen, viz.:—such a rush of subscribers during the last few weeks as effectually locked up the books in the hands of the certificate clerks; and we were not able to forward many lists to the publishers, until after the drawing. Then we were informed that their subscription lists had filled up so unexpectedly fast as to entirely exhaust their editions; and as the January, February, and March numbers were all from the press—the March numbers having been run off during the first week of February—we had to order new and especial editions, which were issued as soon as it was possible to do so, and were mailed as fast as the press supplied the magazines.

This is the simple history of the delay which caused so much complaint at what was supposed to be our remissness. If any fault attaches to us, it is that our system of entry—confining all receipts and numbers of certificates to *one book*, in order to make one person responsible for the correctness of that most important feature—forbade the use, either day or night, of the book, for the abstraction of the magazine lists; and though we expected, from day to day, to be able to "catch up," and send on the orders to the publishers, the time did not offer until after the drawing, so great was the influx